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A SHY BIRD.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Why the Duchess Hastened Away from Scotland.

The arrival of the Royalties in the North saw the departure of the Scottish member of the family (by marriage) for the Continent. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has had a very retired time of it since the death of Queen Victoria, whose daughter she was, for the Duke of Argyll was never on terms of very great cordiality with King Edward, nor is the case altered in the reign of King George. Most people know, of course, that Princess Louise as a young woman "fell in love" with a Court parson, the late Canon Duckworth, and she was once on the point of eloping with him. The Canon, however, had the sense not to allow her Royal Highness to make a ghastly mistake, and eventually the Queen decided to get the Princess properly married as soon as possible. There wasn't time to arrange a Royal match with a foreigner, and so Lord Lorne, then heir to the Argyll dukedom, was selected for the love-lorn Princess, and the wedding duly took place.

No children have ever been born of the marriage, but it has been blessed with great happiness—all things considered!—and Queen Victoria had a very sincere affection for her un-Royal son-in-law. The Duke is a very able fellow, with a strong tendency to literature, and during the first quarter of a century of his wedded life the Queen manifested her obligations to him by popping him into all the offices she possibly could. One of them was the Viceroyalty of Canada, and in Ottawa the Duke and his Princess were deservedly popular, although it is so long ago since they ruled in Canada that the world has almost forgotten their period of duty there.

* * *

The Duke and the Garter.

It used to be much commented upon that the Duke of Argyll had never been honoured with the Garter—the highest mark of the Sovereign's approval. It certainly *was* remarkable, that the Duke, who was not only an ex-Viceroy, but the Queen's son-in-law, should not be able to wear the Blue Riband on State occasions, and the omission was not repaired until three years ago. It began to be a source of too much speculation, when young dukes and inconspicuous earls were receiving the Garter, for the chief of the "Conceited Campbells" to be without it. The Duke, of course, wears the Thistle, and he is the senior Grand Cross of the Michael and George, having received that decoration as long ago as 1878, when he went to Canada. The Duke of Argyll is one of those distinguished members of the Peerage who are compelled to pass their lives in mourning. For years he has only been able to put on a suit of bright Scottish tweed on half a dozen occasions.

The deaths of one or other of his very numerous relations keep his valet constantly busy with the Duke's mourning hats and frock-coats, and during the last year or Grace has been constantly in black for, among oth Duke of Fife, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duc Northumberland (his sister) and Lord Archie Camp brother and heir-presumptive. Black suits the Du is white haired and portly, and both the Duke Princess have a strong inclination to avoid the glar Royal rank, and prefer the even tenour of their figuring in public, except in the neighbourhood of G where Her Royal Highness is regarded as indisp at all public functions.

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The Most Gifted Member of the Royal Fami

"I do not wish to be treated as a Princess," the I of Argyll once plaintively remarked to a friend w out driving with her. "Let me drive with you just of your friends!" The Duchess of Argyll is certai least ambitious of Queen Victoria's children. At ho personally superintends all the domestic arrang Every morning she goes into the family budget— Argylls are not rich, for dukes!—orders the dinne the cook herself, though many a simple country b wife would disdain to talk to the cook except throu housekeeper, and presides as carver at the head of th Nor is the Duchess in any sense a woman who interests are in her pots and pans. She is, in fact, t gifted member of the Royal Family.

She is an artist and sculptor of no mean merit, knows more about pictures than all the other mem the First Family together. Once she was inspectin sketches painted by a lady in Venice. There was scene, and the Duchess said, "Had I not known it to work of Mrs. X., I should have said it was Clara Mont "Well, madam, that is singular," replied the art "for Mrs. X. told me that when the sketch was ma and Clara Montalba were working side by side!"

* * *

Duke Who Has Never Forgiven the Dowage

The Duke of Argyll is the son of the late Duke, w an orator and social ornament without peer in and generation. But the old Duke grievously offen son in his old age by taking a third wife, when he w eighty. The late Duke was a very vigorous old fell it was a love-match, though of an archaic descriptio Duchess of Argyll is still in the prime of life, and completely cut off from the Argyll family, she lives memory of a charming old man who for five years devoted slave. The present Duke never forgav Duchess" for marrying his father, and as his wi Princess, cannot therefore meet her, "Ina Duchess's tion in Society has always been an invidious one.

Fortunately, Her Grace has the sense not to go out and she chiefly resides at a quiet place in Argyllshire was left to her by the late Duke. Ina Duchess was fo supposed to be engaged upon a biography of the late but, so far as we know, it has not yet appeared. Th of Argyll would doubtless much prefer that the D Duchess leave the late Duke's biography to someon so he has himself repaired the breach, by a "Life" father of voluminous character, but no great interest Duke is a poet, and the only living British duke w ever been guilty of rhyme.

* * *

The Prince and His Twenty-Nine-Year-Old U

The Prince of Wales has been renewing his acqua with Germany—this time under the ciceronage twenty-nine-year-old uncle, the Eton boy who, a dec so ago, was taken over to Coburg to reign there as D Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Rheinhardstbrunn, whe Prince has been staying, was the early home of the of Wales's great-grandfather, the Prince Consort. about eight miles from Gotha, beautifully placed outskirts of the Thuringian Forest, and it forms part Gotha duchy. It is fitting that the Heir-Apparent she familiar with Gotha, for it is by no means improbab one day one of his Royal Highness's own sons will go there to reign. It is a grievance of the peoples o German duchies that they are constantly ruled by F men, born and bred in this country. It can't be however, and the anomaly arose in this way. When Queen Victoria wedded, she selected for her life-part cousin, the brother of the ruling Duke of Saxe-C Gotha. As the Duke left no heirs, his brother, Quee toria's husband, would himself have become Du Coburg had he lived, but as he was dead one of h had to go there, and live for the rest of his life as So of the double-duchy.

"Marry him? Why I'd die first!"
"Nonsense, dear. He isn't as strong as he looks."

"Tragedy" of the Duke of Edinburgh.

King Edward, being Monarch of England, was barred from ruling also in Germany. So the business devolved upon his Majesty's brother, the Duke of Edinburgh. Cruelly broke the Duke of Edinburgh's heart to do it, but there was no escape, and though he was no longer a young man and had grown-up daughters whose whole lives had been passed in Britain, he loyally took upon himself the title of Duke in Coburg, and left England for ever. After having spent in the British Navy, which he had entered at the age of thirteen, the break for King Edward's brother was a clean one. He only lived a few years, however, and as his only son was also dead, another brother of King Edward was called upon to go to Coburg.

This was the Duke of Connaught. But His Royal Highness was too valuable to this country, and he enjoyed a popularity which the Duke of Edinburgh had never possessed, so he declined to take on the Coburg job. The duty devolved upon his son, Prince Arthur, and had it not been that Queen Victoria's *youngest* son, the Duke of Albany, had left a posthumous child, Prince Arthur would probably have been lost to this country for ever. The Duke of Albany, it may be added, died at the age of thirty many years ago. He was delicate from birth, and his widow is a charming lady who for so many years has resided at Claremont, and who is always at the beck and call of any charitable institution which desires her services.

* * *

The Kaiser takes the Young Duke in Hand.

Many months after her husband's death she presented the nation with a son, who took his father's title of Duke of Albany, and was sixteen years old at the time that Prince Charles's refusal of the Coburg billet made it incumbent upon him to go to Germany for the rest of his life as ruler of Coburg. The German Emperor immediately devoted himself to the Germanisation of the boy from Eton, and the latter soon found him a German wife from her own family, and since then the young Duke and Duchess of Coburg have been laying up heirs to their pretty little country at a quite remarkable rate. Still, there is no knowing what may happen, and should Coburg ever require another Prince, not a son of the present Duke, it will be to a son of the Prince of Wales that the appeal must be made.

* * *

Troubles of the Rothschilds.

"As rich as a Rothschild" has passed into the language as symbolising a condition greatly to be envied. The Rothschilds are not altogether to be envied, however. They have had a worrying time lately. Lord Rothschild has been pursued by a blackmailing German clerk, and not long ago his Lordship had a narrow escape of being murdered, for the man who was given twenty years imprisonment for shooting at Mr. Leopold de Rothschild first watched Lord Rothschild leave his City office before deciding that it was "Mr. Leopold" that most deserved his bullets. As a matter of fact an inoffensive policeman got the bullet, in his neck, but the would-be assassin was insane, so Lord Rothschild may thank his lucky stars that he escaped being murdered on that occasion.

It is one of the inevitable perils of Royal rank and millionaire birth that all sorts of mad folk want one's blood, without having any personal spite against one to justify the desire. King George has been curiously fortunate, for he is in the fourth year of his reign and so far nobody has tried to kill him. Queen Victoria had three narrow escapes from would-be assassins while she was little more than a girl; King Edward was nearly killed by Sipido in Brussels, and the last two of the Georges also came pretty near "sudden death" on several occasions. Perhaps we are growing more sane! Or perhaps the millionaire fascinates the shooting idiot nowadays, instead of Royalty. But the fact remains that in spite of numerous attempts, England is the only country in Europe which has never had a monarch removed by assassination!

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Perils of Railway Travelling.

We have had occasion to grumble once or twice recently at the idiosyncrasies of railways in the South of England. On this occasion we make a more general complaint, and that is concerning the apparent indifference of the railway companies to the absolute necessity of providing door handles which will not come unlatched at inopportune moments. The crop of accidents, to adults as well as to children, during the holiday season which is just ending, has been quite abnormal. We consider that the companies ought to be held criminally responsible for all such accidents unless it is proved in evidence that the passengers—or one of them—in the compartment where the accident occurs, are guilty of contributory negligence. As often as not these accidents are caused by the increasing propensity of the companies to pack their passengers in the compartments like herrings in a barrel. Insufficient accommodation is so common on railways that people have come to take it as a matter of course, instead of stigmatising it as a manifestation of the hopelessly antiquated methods often adopted, and of the lack of ordinary business foresight. If the great manufacturing and mercantile enterprises which adorn this country were to be run according to the ideas of railway managements it is very certain they would disappear in the Bankruptcy Courts at a very early date. In the matter of door handles there is not the shadow of a doubt that safe and secure fastenings are manufactured, or could be devised, but the companies continue to affix the old dangerous patterns to new rolling-stock, and the risk of accident grows greater instead of smaller. Something ought to be done about it, and if the Board of Trade took up a strong attitude—or if a verdict of manslaughter were brought against a railway manager or other responsible person—something would be done very quickly indeed.

Insecure Handles.

Many of the different patterns of handles now in use on the various railways are sufficiently "fool-proof," and sufficiently adapted to withstand the sudden shock of a "strap-hanger" lurching against them owing to a jolt of the train, when new. A handle, however, is expected apparently to last out the life of a carriage, and in the course of time, by constant latching and unlatching, it becomes dangerously insecure, and little else than a death-trap. As we have said, this complaint does not apply to certain of the southern railways, simply because the handles are so often in a filthy state, and so clogged up with dust, that they are always stiff in operation. But we are quite sure that on all railways a systematic and frequent survey of door-handles should be undertaken by Board of Trade officials, who should see that all fastenings conform to an accepted standard. This might involve a little expense to the railways, but the increased cost would be immaterial as contrasted with the saving of valuable lives. The railways get quite a good deal of their own way, but the public also have rights, and should be protected.

* * *

The Beauty of the Back.

It is apparently quite true that nowadays a man cannot call even his soul his own. The latest indication of this truism is a headline in the *Daily Mirror*—"Bought his own back." At any rate a man who is driven to such a curious purchase cannot be accused of putting on side, though the case might be different if a lady were concerned, for we notice that the models of autumn Paris fashions foreshadow—if the word is permissible—an even freer display of the back than ever before. The amount of décolletage for evening gowns, we learn, is to be deepened to the waistline at the back, so that the beauty of the back shall have full display. This announcement opens up a vista to frequenters of theatres which will be received with mixed feelings. It becomes more and more difficult for even an intelligent observer to decide whether a woman is in full dress or undress. Indeed, about the only remaining criterion of any value is the manner in which the lady's hair is dressed.

* * *

Clothes and Morality.

To tell the truth there has been a tremendous amount of snuffling cant worked off lately on the subject of feminine attire. Why is it should be shockingly immodest for a woman to give the slightest indication that she possesses limbs, we have never been able to discern. After all, if Providence had intended the human body to be always swathed in shapeless bandages or draperies, it seems very short-sighted that we should have been brought into the world naked. Everybody knows that a woman, as well as a man, possesses legs as well as arms, and that all these limbs are joined on to the body. Why then make such a mystery about the business? Of course, all this sort of thing is a mere matter of convention. Probably the most moral people we have ever come in contact with are the Zulus—when in a raw state, unspoiled by association with civilisation. Yet a Zulu belle could carry a year's supply of clothing in a fashionable vanity bag of moderate dimensions, and leave plenty of room for a few bones to gnaw in her spare moments. Again, a Mohammedan woman will expose any part of her body rather than her face, and the morality of these women compares very favourably with that of their more sophisticated sisters. Only it were worth while to labour the point, which is that clothing and morality have no necessary con-

A SIDE DIG.

"If yer *are* too bloomin' proud ter speak now yur on the stige, yer don't mind copyin' my skirt.

He: "How long do you think we really ought to know one another before we marry?"
She: "Don't be absurd! If we really knew one another we should never marry at all."

…n with one another, except possibly in the jaundiced …f the unco' guid who are prepared to find evil in every… …on which the sun shines. It is a strange world, my …rs!

* * *

…ery Not Confined to England.

… all the prudes in the world do not live in England, nor …ley of British birth. A wave of "modesty" has been …fling various parts of the United States in recent days, …one of the latest manifestations is a city ordinance …came into force last week at St. Louis, whereby café …staurant proprietors are forbidden to display pictures, …ngs, or statues in the nude, no matter how artistic. …mmediate consequence has been a rush to attire the …ses and Bacchantes and Pans in all manner of ridicu… …clothing, which merely accentuates the fact of their …y, and adds the fatal touch of indecency. A similar …ple of prudery hails from Brussels, when the plaster …ductions of famous works—Venus de Medici, Jason, …es, Hermes, the Farnese Hercules, etc.—In the grand …ule of the Academie des Beaux Arts, have been pro… …with partial coverings of dust-sheets tied on with …. This, moreover, is an annual occurrence towards …nd of July, when art examinations are held in the …my. Of course, in all instances of this kind the …result is inevitably produced which it was the mis… …d object to avoid.

* * *

…rs and the Pedestrian.

… question of the pedestrian's right to a fair share in …se of the streets still continues to occupy a great deal …ention in the daily newspapers, and it is to be hoped …the subject will not soon be dropped by those who …the public welfare at heart. A point which is fre… …ly forgotten is the extremely small number of persons …an afford motor-cars as compared with the great bulk …e population. We are a long-suffering people, or we …d not tamely submit to the offensive proprietorial atti… …of the motor-owner—even in the sacred cause of pro… …. The Birmingham coroner, Mr. Isaac Bradley, made …tribution to the discussion last week, after an inquiry …two deaths caused by motor-car accidents, which does …hrow much light on the subject, as it seems to have …made entirely from the motorist point of view. He …nds that there are not more street accidents than there …to be, but that there only seem more, as "more atten… …s paid to motoring accidents." Well, the reply to this may be found in statistics. It is a matter of fact and not opinion, and of course Mr. Bradley is wrong. Not only are there more accidents, but the results of these accidents are much more serious. There is no comparison, from the victim's point of view, between an encounter with a comparatively slowly-moving dog-cart, say, and one with a heavy touring car driven at express speed. Mr. Bradley apparently considers motor accidents inevitable—"A motor-car is meant to go fast. Nowadays speed is demanded, and I suppose we must pay a certain price for it." A very comfortable doctrine, but unfortunately it is almost invariably the wrong people who pay! The "speed merchant" gets his speed—his victims pay. The whole question, however it may be complicated, invariably resolves itself into the plain, broad issue—Have pedestrians an equal right to the road, or are they there merely on sufferance? The advisability of speed limits, the control of traffic, and the many other aspects of the subject must all be regarded in the light of this crucial test question. Practically the only other matter of importance concerns payment for the construction and maintenance of roads which motor-cars and motor-'buses destroy. Common sense declares that those who use the roads—and especially those who misuse them—should pay for them. The trouble is that the public is expected to do the paying.

* * *

The "Cat and Mouse" Act.

In spite of the outcry against the "Cat and Mouse" Act we cannot avoid a shrewd suspicion that this measure is having good effect. If not, why all the shrieking against its wickedness? This would be quite unnecessary if the Act were an utter failure, but we have reason to believe that—in spite of the spectacular instances of Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenney apparently making a fool of the thing—it is regarded with much apprehension by the less valiant and less advertised militants. It was one thing to smash windows and behave like an inebriated virago when the militant could feel pretty sure that she would be released after serving three or four days of her month's or three months' sentence. That was a cheap form of martyrdom—martyrdom without the stripes—which was quite desirable by notoriety-seeking neurotics. But it is quite another story to face the prospect of the sentence of a few weeks being spread over a year or so, with intervals of rest and recuperation in a nursing home. The "Cat and Mouse" Act is not a measure of which any Briton can be enamoured, but we are by no means convinced that it does not serve the purpose for which it was devised.

THE BOOHOOLUMP.

According to our Ladies' Magazine, most men make sorry asses of themselves when left alone with an infant of tender years; but I have often reflected, with glowing pride, that there are at least two male units in the United Kingdom who would behave sensibly under such circumstances, and they are Mr. Shaw and—me.

As I have rarely had an opportunity of examining a baby closely, I placed this one in an arm-chair and sat facing it. I had been assured of its (the baby's) docility.

"You're pug-nosed, old man!" I observed.

"Gluck, gluck, gluck!" said the baby, reminding me of joyful days in one of our Soho restaurants.

"Good heavens!" I thought, in wild alarm, "the little beggar's choking." I seized it by the nape of the neck and rattled it violently to and fro, but my solicitude was unappreciated. How the little beggar squealed!

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," I remarked; but it continued to show its contempt for this statement. I turned it upside down, held it sideways, and examined it right-end up, whilst I frantically searched for the pin that I was sure must be puncturing it somewhere. But in vain I looked, and believing in strong measures I dumped it down in the arm-chair and tried to hypnotise it.

"Shut up, will you?" I demanded, viciously; but still it howled, and I decided to call it The Boohoolump for various reasons: the main one perhaps being that it was christened Reginald.

"All right, my boy," I said, threateningly. "We'll see who can stick this out longest."

I began to map out its career. At first I was convinced that it would be an author—its garrulity reminded me of Mr. Arnold Bennett: when, its howls calming a little, suddenly came a beautiful hexameter ending with the word "G-r-r-r-h!" and then following it up with hammer-like precision came its rhyme, "B-r-r-r-h!"

"A poet!" I sighed, with infinite pity.

Then followed some unmistakable curses.

"Another Kipling," I muttered to myself as I settled down to listen, but to my great pain I soon perceived that there was so much sameness in the work it was declaiming that I only *The English Review* or *Sabbath Hours* would consider its publication. And I reflected that Mr. Kipling would hardly be allowed to contribute to *Sabbath Hours*.

To check the flow of spitting curses that came from the infant's lips, I told it quietly that it was a wicked little cuss, and it made more embarrassed noises, until I thought it must have read H. G. Wells, whose heroes have an uncomfortable habit of doing this.

Then, with poignant recollections of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet, I commenced to crawl on my tummy after the manner of my ideal sea-serpent, for whose appearance I have consulted the *Daily Mirror* every morning this summer; and I glared as maliciously at The Boohoolump as ever Hamlet did at the king.

At which it changed its key; and I was forcibly reminded of Wagner and lost myself in admiration of the child's use of the *leit motif*, and despite the fact that its hair as yet was short I became convinced that it was a musician. It had a red nose.

So I sang "The Rosary" with infinite pathos; and although it listened spell-bound to the first two bars my voice was eventually submerged by its subsequent squalls.

I then grimly recited Othello's soliloquy before he strangles his wife—to no purpose.

Next I read a report of one of Mr. Justice Darling's cases where every second line had "(loud laughter)" and The Boohoolump bawled more loudly than ever, and for the first time I sympathised with it.

Then on a gramophone I treated it to "Zampa," "Peer Gynt" and countless fugues in all the letters of the alphabet, and, as a last resource, "William Tell." But it even outstormed the storm in that gusty overture.

I explained as well as I could the damage it was doing to its respiratory organs; but to no avail, and I recommenced feverishly pushing the records on and off, heedless of their titles, when, to my unspeakable horror, I was suddenly addressed as "honey," an unwarranted liberty, and requested to "meander." Then, crowning blow of all, The Boohoolump stopped yelling and I observed its toes move up and down in syncopated rhythm, and knew it was a disciple of Rag-time.

Nine times I listened to "Alexander's Rag-time Band" until I could endure it no longer.

"Howl, you little idiot!" I snarled to The Boohoolump as I heaved the gramophone to one side; and when the child's owner eventually arrived I was amusing it by standing on my head, with one leg stretched out horizontally, and the other twirling excitedly in mid-air until I must have looked like M. Nijinsky as seen by one who has dined too well.

"Diddums, then. Tck, tck! Oo, oo!"

"Gluck, gluck, gluck!" said The Boohoolump, switching on to the original record.

"Had a good time? I'm sure you've had no trouble with such a darling," the lady gushed, with feminine logic, looking at my rumpled hair.

I smiled sweetly and sadly—it's a thing I often do—but bowed with reverent awe as they left the room.

* * *

I have since arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Shaw's method of behaving sensibly would have been better than mine. Without doubt, he would have strangled the infant.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

"Which is the way to Pebbleford, guv'nor?"
"First you pass that public-house——"
"What! On a 'ot day like this!"

A REAL SURPRISE AHEAD.

"What are you doing, Polly?" asked her mother.

"I'm knitting, mummie, dear," replied the young woman. "I heard George say the other day he was afraid he'd have to buy a new muffler for his car, and I thought I'd knit him one as a sort of surprise."

* * *

THANKFUL.

Giles met an acquaintance on the street the other day, although he artfully tried to avoid him.

"Hello, Giles, deah boy!" exclaimed the other. "So glad to see you. I'm going to London next week; can I do anything faw you?"

"No, going's enough, thanks!" replied Giles, moving on.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Why does the military's officer's wife who was some years ago mixed up in a very nasty "jewel" case now see fit to wear a gold bell on her bracelet? Does she consider it either necessary or becoming to call attention to herself in this way? Would it not be better for her to remember that the general public have wonderful memories, especially for one's indiscretions. We advise our friend of the bell to cease ringing, and so let her neighbours in church hear what's going on.

* * *

Why has the organist at one of the leading churches in the country lost nearly all his private pupils so far as the female element is concerned? Is it a fact that some of these young things were getting scared, and feared to keep matters longer? Has the matter their parents any been brought to the notice of the rector as well as the bishop? And is it a fact that in future the privilege allowed to the organists being of teaching on the church organ may be abolished.

*

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Why has the smart clergyman got his eye bandaged up? Is it a fact that even in the Church there comes the dawn of the silly season? How strange that the pretty girl and the parson should have stooped precisely at the same moment to pick up the fallen flowers. At least that's *his* tale. Hers seems to be of a totally different nature. We wonder which is telling the truth. However there are others with their eyes well open. So we hear; and sometimes it's wonderful what people do see when they're looking for trouble.

*

*

Why does the young society lady so resolutely refuse to marry the man her parents have chosen for her? Is not their wrath boundless, seeing that quite a large sum—had borrowed money, in order to put the best side uppermost, and so give her good send off. Is she likely to give in, considering what they have done for her, and what is her side of the story? Has it anything to do with her meeting a handsome young priest of the Roman Catholic faith not so very far from London, and the attachment mutual? Also what is likely to be the end of the somewhat extraordinary affair?

*

*

Who is the little lady who for the past week has been making signals and sending messages by means of the Morse code, practised with the electric light, to the young man on the opposite side of the road? Also, is not Southsea much quieter than it used to be? Does the little lady know that the Morse code is not confined to a few, and quite a number of the b'hoys are well aware of what is going on?

* *

Why does the pretty young married woman go so frequently to the jeweller's in Bayswater, and where does she get such lovely moonstones? Is it by any chance from the man who once remarked of her "She's not only pretty and attractive, but clever and good." Does he find the hill station very lonely, and is there likely to be trouble in another peaceful dovecot before long?

Doesn't "Maud" deserve to be made an example of, if she thinks it anything to be proud of to inherit money from a man who through the madness of a moment saw fit to leave nearly all his money away from his family? Was the motor "accident" really quite an "accident"? It may be awkward if questions were raised. And they may be yet!

* * *

What on earth was the matter with the young officer on board the "Gloucestershire" when she made her last visit East? Surely the spectacle of a man to all intents and purposes quite sane, shouldering his luggage every night and then running up and down the corridor shouting "cab!" was anything but creditable? And yet we hear on all sides that the spirits sold on board are excellent in quality.

* *

Who is the woman in "the very best society" who has recently earned for herself the name of "A modern Delilah"? Is it a fact that she managed to worm out of a shrewd politician one of his most jealously guarded secrets, and that he is being called Samson to complete the story? Also that he is ready to kick himself for a fool?

* *

That it was a silly and ridiculous tale that the flourishing wine-merchant told when he drove up to the door of the country inn the other day and found much to his discomfort that an old pal "had come down for a bit of fishing." That as no explanation was demanded, one was surely on the face of it not needed. Does the wine-merchant, with all his experience, want to learn the etiquette of palship? Has he never heard of the woman who once said "'E's a *good* 'usband, 'e is. 'E's as deaf as a door post an' as blind as a bat. Oh, but 'e's a good 'usband!"

* *

Are the very pious parents of the pretty Society girl aware of the fact that she is going the round of the theatrical agents' offices trying to get a job on the stage, and would not their hair literally stand on end in true traditional fashion if they only knew one quarter of their young offspring's pranks?

* *

She: "The papers always say in their wedding reports that the bride was led to the altar."
He: "Well, what's wrong about it?"
She: "Led! Just as though a bride couldn't find her way there blindfold!"

Who were the two girls who went cycling near Canterbury the other day, and when a few miles on the road relieved themselves of the bother of skirts and went gaily along in black satin knickers, until on looking round one saw to her amazement a men's cycling club looming up? Then what a scramble into that turnip field. And the "nuts"! Didn't they just enjoy it!

* * *

Who is the silly idiot who spends half his time and nearly the whole of his money in the company of a so-called "palmist" who resides in the neighbourhood of Bayswater? Can't he show that he has a little more sense than to be so palpably taken in, and the laughing stock of all those who know him?

A COUNTERFEIT DAD.

At the age of forty it might have fairly been assumed that Mr. John Nibbs had arrived at years of discretion. But it was not so. And the reason was that he fancied himself to be a humorist. Even the chilly atmosphere of Somerset House—where he was a not particularly civil servant—was unable to eradicate his incorrigible love for practical joking.

And so, when an anxious but amiable-looking lady put her head out of a carriage window, and hesitatingly called "Jack!" to him, as he strolled along the platform at Victoria, preparatory to taking his seat en route for Eastbourne, where he was to join Mrs. Nibbs, instead of politely lifting his hat and murmuring that he feared there had been some mistake, he started with well-feigned joy, and dramatically said, "Why, it's the dear old girl."

"I was so afraid lest it should't be you, Jack," replied the lady, as they clasped each other's hand and—shame upon Mr. Nibbs—kissed.

"Oh, it's me all right," said the graceless Nibbs. "Let's have another kiss for mother's sake." They embraced again, and with so much warmth on the part of Mr. Nibbs that a man who was hurrying up the platform, and who closely resembled him in personal appearance, stopped as if petrified a few yards off, and then hastily jumped into another compartment close by.

"Fancy, it's seven years since we parted. Seven years since you left for Africa within a month of our wedding! And I had only known you a fortnight before we married. Besides, the climate has altered you a good deal. So there is some excuse for my hesitation in recognising you," added the lady coquettishly.

"I should have known *you* anywhere," answered Nibbs in tender accents. "I have looked forward to this meeting through all those seventeen dreary——"

"Seventeen! You mean 'seven,' dear."

"Quite so," hastily observed he. "I meant seven. But it seems like seventeen. Let's have one more." And he enjoyed the osculation so much that in the lightness of his heart he could not help winking at a crimson-faced man—the petrified stranger—whose eye he caught peeping out of an adjacent window.

At that moment the lady was suddenly pulled aside by some unseen force, and out of the carriage window appeared a red-haired boy and tously-locked girl, both about six years old, who shouted "Hullo, Dad; you haven't asked after us. We are the twins."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Mr. Nibbs, adding under his breath, "this is more than I bargained for. I'll make an excuse and slope."

The twins, however, were practical folk. They jumped from the train and gave the luckless Nibbs a hearty, if sticky, hug. They then seized him and jostled him towards the carriage door.

"I'm going in a smoker," hastily explained Nibbs. But the "Oh, John," from the lady, and the noisy insistence of the twins, backed by a "Now, Sir," from the guard with whistle and flag in hand, compelled Nibbs to clamber in and join his newly found wife and family.

"Thank Heaven—it stops at Three Bridges. I'll give 'em the slip there," said Mr. Nibbs to himself.

By the time they had got to Three Bridges the joke, in Mr. Nibbs's estimation, was worn to tatters. He had so far escaped detection by confining his conversation to two topics—big game shooting, of which he knew nothing, and the twins, of whom he knew less. He soon conceived an active dislike to the boy, Bobbie, as the latter received with contemptuous incredulity an account of how "father" had shot a brace of cassowaries on the wing. The rude lad stoutly maintained, on the authority of a picture-book, that the birds in question were too large to fly, and were only found in the Indian Archipelago. The girl, Lottie, contented herself with wiping her butter-scotched fingers on his white ducks, and joining in a persistent and ultimately successful demand made by her brother for a half-a-crown tip to each from dad.

At Three Bridges Mr. Nibbs, with a hasty excuse that he needed a drink, sprang out and sought refuge in the refreshment room. He intended to remain there until the train left. Having rid himself of someone else's family he would then follow on by the next train.

As he finished his drink he observed the crimson-faced man whom he had winked at standing near him, and staring at him steadfastly.

"You'll know me again, old man," said Mr. Nibbs, uneasily.

"I hope to know you well," replied the other drily. "You seem to be enjoying yourself. Having a good time, eh? Kissing and cuddling and all that sort of thing?"

"Laddie," replied Mr. Nibbs, "you look a sport, and I throw myself on your manly bosom, and tell my tale of woe. That dowdy old girl isn't my wife, and, praise the saints, those cross-eyed kids do not owe their being to me. She married to some boosey bounder just back from Africa, who should have met her at Victoria to-day. For the joke the thing I played up to her when she mistook me for hubby whom she hadn't seen for years."

"You're a cheerful sort!" said the crimson-faced man chokingly.

"Always liked a bit of fun, laddie, especially with a skirt in it," continued Mr. Nibbs complacently. "Now, I don want to miss this train, and I do want to get rid of this little lot"—jerking his thumb towards the train—"at East bourne Station. I'll give you a sov. if you'll pretend to be a friend of mine, and come up promiscuous like when we arrive. I'll then leave 'em with you for a minute—and do a bunk. See?

"And what the devil am I to do with your little lot?" demanded the crimson-faced one fiercely.

"Simple enough, laddie. After five minutes have gone you make the excuse to go and look for me—and then you do a bunk, too."

"Well, I'm d——," retorted the other. "Of all the unmiti gated—but, no—I'll do it. Fork out."

The sov. changed hands, and the two returned to their respective carriages.

Tales to the twins of the blacks—mostly derived from a hazy recollection of Robinson Crusoe—kept Mr. Nibbs more than busy during the remaining part of the journey. On the plea of fatigue—he gathered that the genuine husband should have come up from Southampton that morning—he avoided going into more personal particulars of his African experiences.

When Eastbourne was reached the party alighted. The embarrassment of Nibbs the lady took one of his arms, while the twins clung to the other. Sighting the crimson-faced one at the end of the platform, Nibbs airily remarked, "Why, bless my soul, there's my dear old friend Brown. He will be glad to make your acquaintance."

"Hulloa, Brown, old man," he shouted, "let me introduce you to the better half, likewise the kids." The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw, to his horror, that standing behind "Brown," and within earshot, was Mrs. Nibbs!

"You base wretch!" screamed his astounded spouse. "And me your lawful wife."

The strange lady dropped his arm and stared first at the furious Mrs. Nibbs, then at the flabbergasted Nibbs, and lasted at the crimson-faced "Brown." With a cry she sprang towards the latter, and throwing herself in his arms sobbed, "Oh, Jack, how could I have mistaken this miserable little monkey for you!"

* * *

The thing that hurt Nibbs most about the whole affair was not the failure of his wife to appreciate a harmless jest, or even the "boosey bounder's" boot—though that marred his holiday by preventing him sitting on the hard beach—but it was, as he confessed to his bosom pal, the way that beastly brat, Bobbie, bawled after him as he fled out of the station the grossly offensive term "Cassowary!"

CECIL HASTINGS.

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GUARDING HIS PURSE.

"Why won't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offended, and he worked this right down the line.

* * *

PRE-MARITAL PROMISES.

She: You once said you would die for me, and now you refuse to get up and light the fire.

He: That's perfectly logical. If I died for you I'd be done with it, but if I get up once and light the fire you'll want me to do it every morning.

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

HE HAD SEEN IT.

c Dancer: Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where show in my dance.
cian: Hum! I'm afraid you'll have to take it ly.

* * *

A DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

Liston Welle: Don't you think Miss Thumpford is that nocturne through too fast?
A. Boardman: Too fast! Good heavens, madam! 't play it through too fast to suit me!

* * *

CONJUGATED.

sitive Friend: Don't you find that your wife is very to moods?
rk: No; she has only one mood, the imperative, and one that's subject to that!

* * *

DELAYING THE LAW.

w in the world will you dig up more evidence to get iew trial?"
n't worry about that," replied the lawyer. "All you do is to dig up more money."

* * *

HEADQUARTERS.

you have as much trouble finding your cuff and collar as you used to?"
; I always find 'em in one place now."
; I go to the vacuum cleaner."

* * *

"GOING DOWN!"

Spend-de-lot: I wonder what people will wear in
Spend-de-lot: Of course you would wish the most ive things, the same as here.
Spend-de-lot: You needn't worry; you won't be there for them.

* * *

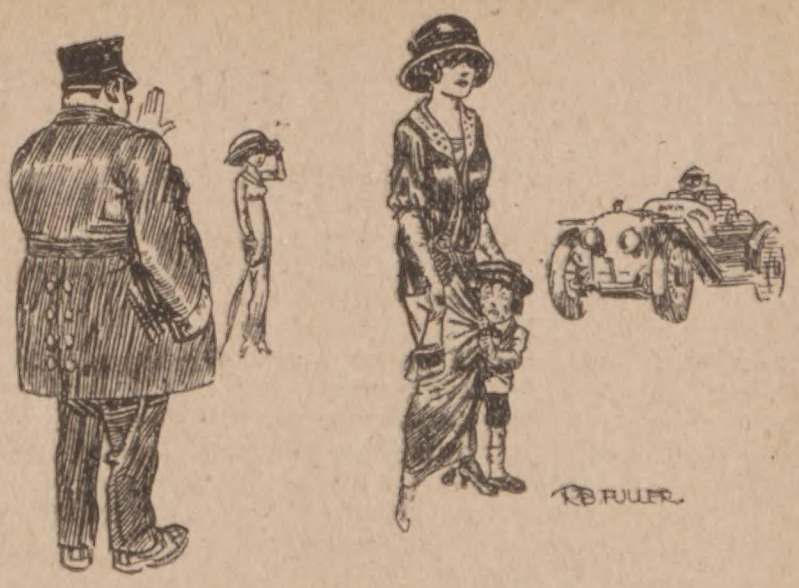
HIS FATAL ERROR.

ell, Wildboys has himself to thank for his troubles. stook licence for liberty."
? How's that?"
rriage licence."

* * *

THE COMMON KIND.

ins: What kind of an alarm-clock have you?
nypeck: My wife's elbow!



PITY THE MODERN CHILD.

What chance has he, when bashful, to hide behind his mother's skirt?—*Puck.*

SPEAKING OF HIMSELF.

Rankin: What do you think of the styles in women's dress these days?

Fyle: Oh, I rail at them—and admire them immensely, just as other men do, I suppose.

* * *

Foreman (calling up to workman): Phat are yez doin' up there, Casey?

Casey: Oi'm layin' bricks, av course.

Foreman: Be jabers! by the still av ye yer moight be layin' eggs!

* * *

A VICIOUS LOCOMOTIVE.

"What are the passengers looking out of the window for?" asked a nervous lady passenger on the train as the conductor came through.

"We ran over a cat, madam," said the conductor.

"Was the cat on the track?" she next asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am," assured the conductor. "The loco motive chased her up the alley."

* * *

ANOTHER RAP FOR SHAKESPEARE.

Mother: Don't use that word again.

Son: Shakespeare said it.

Mother: You mustn't play with him any more.

* * *

Jack: You refuse me, then. Oh, well, there are others.

Maud: I know there are, I accepted one of them this afternoon.

* * *

THE FIRST GARB.

"What do you think of my new ball dress, Edwin?"

"Is that the latest?"

"The very latest!"

"It looks something like the earliest."—*Puck.*

* *

MOVING MUSIC.

"Jack proposed to me while turning the music for me at the piano."

"Ah, I see! You played right into his hands."

Westmount mothers will be sorry to hear the young lady has forgotten the tune she was playing.—*Montreal Star.*

* *

Bobbie: I heard you got a letter from your brother?

Joey: Indeed, I did.

Bobbie: Was there anything important in the letter?

Joey: Well, I didn't open it, for on the outside of the envelope was printed: "Please return in five days," so I sent it back to him.—*Montreal Star.*

ecruit: Don't stir, madame! **You make excellent cover."**—*Journal Amusant.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether Princess Mary enjoyed the compliments passed on the excellent way in which she cooked the trout caught by the Royal party in Loch Muick?

* * *

The name of the little golden-haired *danseuse* who has been keeping tryst at the stage door of the Palace Theatre for several nights in succession, rigorously turning her back upon all promiscuous acquaintances? Whether she knows that the man with whom she made the appointment is now on his way to America, and that, in any case, he really isn't worth troubling her pretty little head about?

* * *

A certain lady novelist who seems to have sprung into prominence with meteoric swiftness appears to have been saying lately that "she receives no end of sadly worded letters from husbands who assert that their domestic happiness is being undermined because their wives devote nearly all their time to the reading of her books." She'll never need to learn the Scotchman's prayer, "Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' ourselves!"

* *

That a certain clergyman of very striking appearance who was recently appointed to a very comfortable living in South Wales was so beset with attentions from the fair and far-seeing members of his flock that his devices to evade them bordered on the unique. "What it is to be a 'Batch.'" a friend sympathetically remarked to him one day. "My dear friend," was the alleged reply, "you don't seem to realize that I have to go to church three times every Sunday by a circuituous route, covering in all some twelve miles." Our comment is that he ought to get all his odd jobs well done. There's no woman like the parson-runner for getting through a deuce of a lot of dirty work that would otherwise fall to the parson himself.

* *

That children and fools tell the truth. A gentleman called on a lady friend and was shown into the drawing room, where, to his intense surprise, husband was seated A few seconds later the door opened and the lady appeared, looking somewhat more flushed than usual. She extended her hand in true platonic fashion, and when the handshake was over a small childish voice was heard to remark, "Why is it you haven't kissed mummie to-day?" We wonder what explanation was forthcoming in *that* case?

* * *

What aim the management of the Coliseum hope to accomplish by sprinkling a ragtime orchestra in among the members of the audience? And what the old gentleman with the dyspeptic temper said when the trombone gave a sudden blast full in his ear?

* * *

Whether the tempers of certain players in a recent South Coast Tennis Championship were not a little "racquety"?

* * *

Whether the association of white girls with men of coloured races is not developing into a perfect scandal? And whether the half-caste Portuguese-Ceylonese who is boasting at a certain hydro that he has kissed "practically every girl in the hotel" is not asking for a sound thrashing?

She: "But aren't you worried about your wife making the journey to Australia alone?"
He: "Bless me, no! Why, she's a fine swimmer!"

The name of the young Naval engineer who was foolishly persuaded into taking a lady friend (disguised as a cadet) down with him in a submarine? Whether the lady's behaviour under the unusual circumstances did not give rise to considerable suspicion, and whether the young man is now living in mortal terror of the *bêtise* coming to the ears of his superior officer?

* * *

Why Lady Warwick is so dead against the get-rich-quick methods of heiress-hunters in America?

* * *

The identity of the smartly dressed woman who offered to make a fourth at a game of cards while travelling in the Pullman from London to Brighton? Whether two of the three men who played with her were much puzzled by the extraordinary success which she enjoyed, and if the third shared her winnings later on in the day?

* * *

Whether the placing of German whiskey on the market is a device for approaching us in a friendly spirit?

* * *

What the Saville Row tailor thought when the "pretty" young fellow who had come about a new mourning suit blushingly asked to be "measured over his other things," and whether the shape of his figure, to say nothing of the size of his feet, didn't rather give the game away?

* *

The name of the London card club which was the scene of an undignified dispute ending in a free fight the other evening? Whether the disturbance arose out of the detection of some very shady play among a certain group of members, and whether the committee is more than a little puzzled to know what to do in the matter, since the principal offender turns out to be the youngest son of a member of the House of Lords?

* *

Whether Mme. Pavlova and M. Novikoff became reconciled before they left London, and what was the real reason for that slap on the face?

* *

Whether the little French girl with the mole on her chin was duly grateful to the gentleman who shielded her from a scolding when she accidentaly knocked down a number of models from a stand in the Bond Street hat shop? Whether the incident led to the establishment of a very congenial acquaintance, progressing rapidly from gifts of flowers and chocolates to invitations to theatres and suppers, and whether "Madame" now treats her with marked, almost deferential, consideration?

* * *

Whether a certain rural district which has just had a spray bath fitted up for the use of school children, is trying to combine godliness and cleanliness by this obvious adoption of the motto, "Let us spray"?

* * *

Whether there is any truth in the story going round about a certain short-sighted M.P. who mistook a member of his club for someone else, and on meeting him again a few minutes later slapped him jovially on the back and exclaimed. "Say, old chap, I mistook that d—— fool L—— for you just now."

* * *

Whether it is true that a new variety house, in which even the "gods" are to be provided with tip-up velvet seats, is shortly to make its appearance in the West End, but that the announcement that George Robey has consented to lay the foundation stone is entirely fictitious?

"Do you remember Gertie Maxwell?"
"I don't think I do."
"Surely you remember Gertie. She was the plainest girl in Margate. Oh! But that was after you left, of course!"

...erbert Tree meant by telling his "Brethren" to ..., during a rehearsal at His Majesty's the other ...nether the expression is to be attributed to the ...f cinema acting?

* * *

... as not extremely comical when the eminent ...ing the practice of identifying himself with ... the court by exclaiming "M'lud, we ... a mother"?

* * *

... occupants of the front row of the stalls at the ...iked being squirted by Jimmy Welch's champagne

* * *

... t the little romance connected with Lady ... shop, and why the monocled gentleman ... yellow orchids which are always placed ... by the charming brunette with the gazelle- ... r he was not a little foolish to show his ... the member of the Sports Club, and ... tired of hearing the line "eyes of glow ... ted continually in his presence?

* *

... praise of the new safety aeroplane is alto-

* * *

... story about Phyllis Dare having just cele- ...y-third birthday is going to wash?

* *

... ee pretty musical comedy ladies who lost ...mpletely to the dusky Prince Jitendra ...an's visit to London are bewailing his ... Indira, daughter of the Gaekwar of ... their mutual misfortune will now lead ...atchet"?

* *

... the prominent Society woman who is said ...m at her country seat for the express pur- ... milk for her daily bath? And whether ...th in a butt?

* *

... Joachim of Prussia, the Kaiser's youngest ...inconventional holiday at Shanklin, and ... Irish chambermaid was not completely ...agnificence of his tip?

* *

... said to represent the cost of the ..., was merely the initial expense?

* *

... new birthday knight who is complain- ... received his title he has been charged ... hotel he has stayed at, and whether it is ... the (k)night cometh the mo(u)rning"?

What the churchwarden thought when the short-sighted old lady grabbed him by the arm and demanded to be "sewn into a sheet"?

* * *

The name of the well-known actress living at Maida Vale who declined an invitation to go out for a motor drive the other Sunday with the words "So sorry to disappoint you, but I have invited my husband to tea"?

* * *

How Sir T. Lipton likes being mistaken for a chauffeur, and whether it would, perhaps, be better not to wear a yachting cap when driving his own car?

* * *

Whether the two men who watched a girl undress on the lonely stretch of beach between Bembridge and Whitecliff Bay, and who amused themselves by cutting off buttons from certain parts of her apparel while she was in the water, considered that they had carried off an excellent joke? Whether they found the girl's subsequent attempts to dress herself so *very* amusing, and whether it was a pity she hadn't a few brothers conveniently at hand to administer the punishment they so richly deserved?

* * *

Whether two well-known actor-managers have been quarreling for some time past over a contract connected with the daughter of one of them, and whether, if the case comes into court, we shall hear some amusing revelations?

* * *

Whether the authorities really intend to revive the stupid discussion on Sunday cinemas?

* * *

Whether the nest reported to have been found on the back of a sheep at Bideford was a mare's nest?

* * *

Whether several smart flappers are to enjoy a preliminary social canter in Scotch country houses and at the approaching highland meetings, and whether it is a fact that one very high-born young lady only just out of the school-room is already enjoying a flirtation that promises to develop into the "real thing"?

* * *

Whether Queen Mary has come upon yet another treasure for her collection in the beautiful oak Elizabethan bedstead discovered in one of the cellars at Balmoral?

* * *

In order to cope with fleeing malefactors the policewomen of Chicago have been provided with an ingenious garment which under ordinary circumstances has all the appearance of a "hobble" but which becomes converted into an amply pleated skirt by the simple device of pulling a string. We quake to think what might happen if, in the excitement of the moment, the wrong string was pulled.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Three hundred girl ropemakers have skipped work and gone on strike.

* * *

The rumoured tobacco war will, we are told, be averted. It was bound to end in smoke.

* * *

"Blown up by whisky," was a headline. But is such a hackneyed occurrence as this really news?

* * *

Strange to say, the young Ghent victors in the dumb-bell and free movement contest were all young ladies.

* * *

According to Dr. Lumholtz New Guinea is a "geological paradise." In other words a stonebreaker's heaven.

* * *

The Folkestone beauty contest was judged on the 23rd ult. Jack Johnson arrived there on the 24th. Hard luck!

* * *

In ancient Coventry there stands to this day a shop bearing the inscription "Ye Old Tobacco Shop. Established 1890."

* * *

The outcry against Jack Johnson's music hall appearance was really due to professional dislike for over-coloured performances.

* * *

From the "agony" column *Daily Mail*: "Mine—Shgherferzf-uberyrff-gh-zr. Understand?" Perfectly; but please send name of the snuff.

* * *

The X-ray gown inclines us to think that the ladies really like to be seen through, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary in the past.

* * *

"Fortunes made out of Boxing" runs a placard. And yet when a man receives a financial knock-out he is said to be "boxed up" for money.

* * *

"The ever open door" drama to be produced next month is intended, it Sims, to give society an opportunity of peeping into the backyard of London.

* * *

By disguising himself as a workman's wife wheeling a perambulator, a Battersea policeman caught a man street betting. A regular "kidstake" swindle.

* * *

The headline "Cross-Channel Swimmers," which has frequently figured of late, seems a fairly accurate description of the aspirants' state of mind at the close of the performances.

* * *

From certain remarks made upon a public platform the other day we understand that the slothfulness of the *rising* generation gives cause for *alarm.* Wake up, young England!

* * *

A French company proposes to give cinema entertainments in trains running on the Trans-Siberian railway. We wish somebody would also take Steppes to get a move on some of our suburban railways.

* * *

A contemporary asks "Are chorus girls vampires?" Certain experienced knuts answer in the negative. But since blood cannot be got out of a nut opinion from this source is of doubtful value.

* * *

An advertisement tells "How a brave woman saved her leg." Not having read particulars we can only conjecture that the nether limb fell asleep on the railway line and that she snatched it from in front of an express, escaping death herself by a mere foot—or something of that sort.

* * *

Was it in a spirit of recklessness, born of crowding out, that the *Daily News* headed a column: "A Man of Hope" and then immediately underneath reproduced a photograph of a beautiful lady, to wit, Mrs. Willie James, whose engagement to Major J. C. Brinton, M.V.O., D.S.O, is announced?

* * *

It is suggested that the business girl makes a better wife than the one trained at home. We are inclined to differ, as we think that the business girl is too likely to profit by our napping in various ways, discount our midnight excuses and debit us for things we never ordered nor have any use for.

No power can make Turkey trot.

* * *

Why is St. Paul's Cross? Because it's gilt-y.

* * *

Jack Johnson says he is not so black as he is coloured.

* * *

Feminine fashions are ever progressive. Certainly the new garter watch is too fast to be accused of men[illegible] marking time.

* * *

The painters who have been on strike at the National Gallery are, it appears, the modern men, not the old masters.

* * *

Those Yankees are remarkable folk. In this country you occasionally meet with a sharp thaw; they claim to have a cracked one.

* * *

"Philip never listened to the call of the siren," writes a popular author. How often was Philip knocked down by motor cars?

* * *

"Never rock the baby," is the advice to wives, given by the medical officer to the L.C.C.; and it's not kind to stone the old man.

* * *

No, Evangeline, the headline "The Boer Split" has nothing to do with a new fashion of skirt which fills the long-veldt want.

* * *

A millionaire marries a beggar gir[illegible] the Lyceum. No, Archibald, the name of the theatre is not spelt LIESEEUM!

* * *

A fashionable Strand milliner displays a card announcing "Early models for the fall." Full length models, of course, useful for trips in the country.

* * *

Mr. P. M. Simons, of Stockholm, has an[illegible] to "Call up spirits from the vasty deep." How to be to have a well stocked wine-cellar!

* * *

A writer on the poor talks of the "friendship" that the poor have for animals because the wolf is so often at the door.

* * *

A French lecturer is [illegible] has not the Parisian accent. It is not so much the quantity that most hubbies object to.

* * *

The tassels and "bell-rope" ornaments on gowns and hats are, after all, only further invitations out to the masculine sex to ring the bell.

* * *

The militant suffragettes are dropping [illegible] during the holiday season. What a relief! Had they to set the Thames alight they might have put it in the sea.

* * *

"Man of the World," writes us from Paris that the remarkable "invisible" gowns now coming over [illegible] out of sight the most practical he has ever seen in an emergency.

* * *

The fact that Mr. Lloyd George is spending a night under canvas has naturally been seized upon by Conservative journals as an infallible indication of the General Election.

* * *

During Lord Haldane's absence the Great Seal will be under the care of the Master of the Rolls. The R[illegible] will doubtless insist on the poor thing's diet being varied by an occasional bun.

* * *

Apropos of the Prince of Wales, we learn that the Duke of Wales has delighted his Scottish friends by singing "Lochaber No More," He might have spared himself their loyalty had he tried Lochaber again.

* * *

The twenty-one Belgian Scouts [illegible] doubtless turned forty-two glasses [illegible] is a gross libel on the part of [illegible] Scouts "spent most of their time [illegible] London."

GAME.

WIT AND WISDOM.

cook by her references: you can't eat

* * *

silent man is unable to keep his ignorance

* * *

woman manages to hold her own—with the of her tongue.

* * *

times a woman listens to a man's talk so she will dy to start in when he pauses for breath.

* * *

were to think before they speak they would they were going to say.

* * *

the courtship a man's word goes about seventeen as far with the woman in the case as it does after the minister.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half can afford motor-cars.

* * *

All the world may love a lover, but if he attempts to reciprocate his best girl is apt to object.

* * *

Twice-told tales would not be so bad if people of an iterative turn of mind would only stop at that.

* * *

An egotist is a man who thinks he is better than you are.

* * *

One of the first things a young man should learn is to take a hint.

* * *

A man isn't necessarily a coward because he is afraid of consequences.

* * *

There's no power in knowledge unless you know how to put on the harness and hitch up.

IN STAGELAND.

What think you of the Johnson controversy? Twice recently have I met his Black Lowness face to face hanging around the big variety headquarters accompanied by his Yankee and—I am sorry to say—English exploiters, who, I hope, have an acute realisation of the impression of elegant and nice distinction which they are creating for themselves. Our congratulations and compliments to Misses Maidie Scott and Beth Tate on their plucky stand against appearing on the same bill. We are grateful to them! It is one of the significant signs of our national decadence that knots of loafers—cosmopolitan for the most part—may be seen waiting to cheer and gaze upon this coloured prize-fighter. And this in the heart of London, where we hear every day of the outstanding victory of mind over matter.

* * *

Now for something a little more refreshing. In the days of the cinema-vaudeville shows immediately following the inevitable collapse of Hammerstein's high-falutin operatic lecture to ourselves, which we all so justifiably resented, the London Opera House was converted into the world's most elaborate scheme for wasting time pleasantly. Things are very different now. Our acute pleasure sensibilities have to hustle at "Come Over Here." It has become one long feast of desirable spectacular effects, with humorous

GEORGE BASKCOMB IN "THE STAFF DINNER."

and musical items in novel and generous range. It still plays to satisfactorily full houses in this hot weather. Perhaps the Alpine scene accounts for that.

* * *

There is a new number that deserves special encouragement. This is Mme. Julia Caroli, a pleasing soprano of effective presence, and George Ackroyd, a talented flautist. They are accompanied by a young lady pianist. Desirable as the show undoubtedly is it has yet a very long, long way to go to get within shouting distance of Olga, Elgar and Eli Hudson, on whose act Mme. Caroli's is so closely modelled.

* * *

Certain remarks I made in a recent issue concerning the Actresses' Franchise League, and the tendency of the militant suffrage organisations of the day, have received, curiously enough, striking medical confirmation. In "A Note on the History of Epidemics of Mental Disorders, Past and Present," H. Nelson Hardy, F.R.C.S., says that, in his opinion, militant suffragists are undoubtedly criminal lunatics.

* * *

Later, I will tell you about "The Big Game" at the New, as, if I am not in error, I think there will be considerable structural alterations. Do not mistake this for adverse criticism, but I prefer to give you fuller advice upon completion.

* * *

There can be, however, no mistake whatever about the immediate success of "In the Air," which is curtain-raising to "The Big Game." This is a dramatic playlet of absolutely front-rank value. Go and see the perky junior officer of the Royal Flying Corps heliograp[h] War Office in answer to their comma[nd] pending conflict. It is rarely that we [can] without "mush" from the stage these days. "In the Air" is a noteworthy exception.

* *

At the Tivoli, Madame Olga Petrova, billed as "the famous Russian Diseuse" gives a monologue act of terrific strength. The programme presents Mme. Petrova "in comedy and tears." The comedy is new and artistic, and the tears are very real indeed. I was astonished at this. But what about the lines? I am not going to describe them at all. I do know, however, that if they ever come to be spoken by one who is not a superb artist they will shock without pleasing. Mme. Petrova explodes the blasé Tivoli audiences out of their notorious boredom each night. Let it be well defined, however, that in the case of this Russian Bernhardt, the discon[cert]ing unusual candour is justified by a mar[vel]lous ment.

OLGA PETROVA IN "COMEDY AND TEARS."

* * *

At last the time approaches when Seym[our] Hi[cks] go into another theatre of his own. I am [told] he is to present "Broadway Jones" in the f[all] at the Queen's.

* *

Have you ever seen a child, pr[obably] ten years or even younger, sing a "dude" song [with] verse? This did I see last night. It rather [seems] that this type of juvenile act is a deliberate sacr[ifice] young charac[ter] little—a ve[ry]

THE FOUR AMARANTHS,
Acrobatic Dancers. (Tivoli.)

CHARLOTTE, PRINCESS OF MONACO.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 18.

THE HONEYMOON HORROR OF A FAMOUS PRINCESS OF MONACO.

Royal a'c Family.

Royal families of Europe seem fated to attain misery by marriage, and one of these is the Royal of Monaco. The present Prince lived apart from his wife years, and eventually she obtained a dissolution of the means of a special dispensation from the Pope, on the that she was forced into the marriage against her will. once-famous Scottish beauty, and a daughter of a Duke Festetics, of Hungary. For many years she has been the wife of Count of Monaco was nothing less than a crime. Between the there was a mark of sympathy, nor even a pretence Lady Mary Hamilton was sacrificed to the who was a Royal princess from Baden. another Duke's daughter who went to the beauty spot as a bride.

Monaco are often referred to as the oldest Europe, but they seem to have the power of Royal caste without spoiling their blood considered, that is!). And so, although they are any other ruling family, and can marry for love of position, they should be amongst the happiest the world. But they are not. And the reason is on the part of rich aristocrats to ally their actual Royalty—which can only be done in so great that the Princes of Monaco invariably get ladies who are not in the least in love with them, but fathers are immensely important and wealthy dukes, full So it was with the living ex-Princess was with the heroine of this story.

Minx in all France.

French King Louis XIII., two men figured profitably—at his court. They were the Prince the Prince of Monaco. Both were favourites former King Louis had made a Marshal after he had created Duc de Valentinois, and But there was a difference in the position merely a peer of France, the other little Principality of Monaco. But between a compact, which was no other than a mar- the Prince of Monaco's grandson and heir, and Gramont's daughter. And what might be expected circumstances soon followed. Had the lady in the all-flower of uncertain age and compliant tempera- well; but, as it happened, she was minx in all France.

Man I Shall Ever Love!

At the moment the marriage was pro- with a love-affair which she was curious thing, but very pretty girls love affairs seriously—when they are in is usually supposed to be the case, but it Charlotte de Gramont was a case in point. When before her the glorious life she would have as Mediterranean," the great lady of the lovely honour through life beneath perpetual sun- distinguished foreigners from all parts of and the envy of every other Charlotte ... teeth ... her breast a miniature of a man, and showed it to him. The Duke de Gramont enquired who he was, and Charlotte replied "He is the only man I shall ever love, or will marry!"

The Prince de Gramont smiled, but he was very angry with his daughter. It mattered nothing to her that every hope of her ambitious parents would be satisfied with such an alliance, while she herself would attain a Royal position which could be attained in no other direction. Charlotte de Gramont spurned all the luxuries placed before her. "Give me the man I love," she said; "he is all I want." And with her magnificent black eyes blazing eternal defiance, she swept out of the room, and rushed off to the arms of the man she loved.

This was no other than the fascinating gallant, the Duc de Lauzun, to whose charms of appearance and conversation a dozen women had already fallen victims. Charlotte de Gramont, even for him, was a "great catch," and he made love to her with a purpose. In her "Memoirs" Charlotte tells us that "so intoxicating is his personal charm, that in one hour he can make up to one for an age of torture!" And it was to de Lauzun that Charlotte went in her hour of grief. Folding the stricken girl in his arms, de Lauzun told her that no man should possess her but himself. "Give yourself to me, and then you will no longer belong to yourself!" he said, and there and then they arranged to elope. The morrow was to see the consummation of their love, and, in parting on that (as she believed) her last night of single blessedness, de Lauzun "tossed in at her window a nosegay wet with morning dew, and, hidden in its leaves, a letter embalmed in flowers of love!"

A Faithless and Self-seeking Love.

As a last effort out of her trouble, Charlotte went to her mother, Richelieu's niece, Marguerite Duplessis de Chivre, a woman of arrogance and easy virtue, whose *liaisons* had won her an unenviable fame. Her own husband said of her that "she could give Beelzebub himself fifteen points, and a beating!" Madame de Gramont, therefore, had no sympathy with her daughter, so, her eyes flooded with tears, Charlotte at last made a final appeal to her father. She now confessed her love for the Duc de Lauzun, and pleaded earnestly with her father for her life's happiness. But the Duc de Gramont was set upon the Prince of Monaco. And being forewarned, he took the trouble to seek an interview with Charlotte's lover. Said he, "Any man who marries my daughter save the Prince of Monaco will get nothing but my daughter. He will lose whatever position he has, and he will never touch a penny of mine!" That was enough for the Duc de Lauzun. Charlotte de Gramont might be in love with him, but without her fortune she was impossible. Promptly the self-seeking Duc de Lauzun made his way to Charlotte de Gramont, and, telling her what her father had said, bade her marry the Prince of Monaco, and forget him as well as she could!

"I Could Have Shrieked."

At this hypocritical command, Charlotte de Gramont stood aghast? She could not believe it possible that the man to whom she had given herself body and soul could so callously send her forth to be the wife of a man of whom she had heard nothing but what had filled her with loathing. "It is impossible for anyone to be blinder or sillier than I was," she writes. "I believed in his tenderness, in his sacrifice; I promised to do what he asked. And from that day I had done with honour, for had I not resolved to give my hand to a man I hated, while I swore to another that I would love him for evermore!" It

was my father's fault! Ah! he is cruel when he laughs—he is a fiend!" And so the meeting with her future husband from Monaco was arranged. Cardinal Mazarin arranged the meeting, which occurred at Caderousse. It took place in the presence also of the Duc de Lauzun! Blinded with tears, Charlotte turned one last look of appeal to her faithless lover, as the door opened to admit the Prince of Monaco's heir. And the tears were not destined to dry readily, when that distinguished personage appeared. "I could have shrieked," writes Charlotte, "when first I saw the horror who dared to come into my presence as a lover—with his purple face and flabby lips, to his uncouth bow and thick, clumsy words of flattery!"

The Duc's Procession to His Bride's Chamber.

From de Lauzun to the Duc de Valentinois (as the Monegasquan prince was then called) was from the sublime to the ridiculous! Fat and short, with eyes like a white rabbit's, a trumpet nose and blubber lips; hands like a butcher, the straddling gait of a chair porter; and a fat face, which became as livid as a cock's comb on the least provocation! The future husband of Charlotte de Gramont filled her soul with repugnance at her first glance at him.

Realising the awful future that awaited her, Charlotte de Gramont returned to Bisache and tried to realise her Fate. "I uttered a cry of terror!" she says. "and afterwards laughed till I cried!" Days and nights of hysterical grief followed, until the day came when Charlotte de Gramont became Duchess de Valentinois, and went to Monaco for the honeymoon. And what a honeymoon it was! Surely there never was such a fiasco of a marriage-night. Amongst the bridegroom's innumerable peculiarities was a tendency to religion and superstition. As he walked to the chamber of his wife, on that terrible bridal night, he was adorned with a bell night-cap, and was followed by a procession of valet and two pages, carrying holy water, relics, images, lozenges, chaplets and wax candles, which were deposited beside his bed. And what ill-timed words did this princely clodhopper address to his bride as he rolled his fat sides between the sheets!

A Bridal Night Which Ended in Hysterics.

"Corbleu!" he exclaimed as he rubbed his rabbit's eyes, and turned his vinous breath upon her; "Madame, remember now that you are my wife, and make no mistake, it is a great honour for you! I warn you not to follow in the steps of your grandmothers and aunts, who are all whores, or you will find it a rough time for you!" With such a nuptial sermon did the Duc de Valentinois preface the first caresses (!) he offered his young and beautiful bride. Was it to be wondered at that before that night was over Charlotte de Gramont ran from the room hysterical with anguish and shame, and fell across the bed of her maid in an agony of grief! Was it to be wondered at that ere long she was back in Paris, desperately angry with the world in general, and ready to be loved by de Lauzun! Ah yes, that was Charlotte de Gramont's one source of happiness. The Duc de Lauzun was calling her. Back from that awful nuptial remembrance; back from the taunts and kisses of the Monegasquan brute who had made himself her husband; back into the light of love, and the arms of the man who had taught her all the sweetness she could ever hope for—yes, yes, life was still worth living in dear old Paris, and inwardly Charlotte de Gramont swore that never again would she set foot in Monaco.

Back Again In Paris.

But Fate still held her in its grip. Just when she had won the favour of the new French King, Louis XIV., and had had her first triumph at Versailles, she found that she was to bear a child, and, filled with sorrow, she was borne back to her Mediterranean prison, to undergo her accouchement. And though she meant to rush back to Paris directly she could leave her bed, that scheme, too, was thwarted. For, with the birth of her son, the old Prince of Monaco died, and his grandson, Charlotte's husband, became Sovereign of the Principality. Naturally, Charlotte had to remain there for the festivities in honour of the arrival of her husband upon his princely throne, and well did she play her part as the Prince's wife. Her child was now Duc de Valentinois, and heir to a throne. But even this could not chain her love-longing soul to the rock of Monaco. And when at last an excuse for her departure arrived, she immediately availed herself of it. The excuse took the form of a *liaison* which Charlotte discovered between her husband and the Duchesse de Mazarin. Charlotte required no greater reason for returning to Paris. And when she arrived, and her beauty had only been intensified by her sufferings (as is often the case with women), she was received with open arms by the boy King and by de Lauzun, and a period of intense excitement began for her, owing to de Lauzun's jealously of the youthful Monarch.

The End of Charlotte de Gramont.

Up till then King Louis had contented himself with the charms of the amorous La Valliere, but her little reign came to an end with the arrival of the Princess of Monaco. Quickly Charlotte de Gramont became the idol of the [illegible] heart, and well was he suited to her nervous [illegible] perament. Together they revelled in their [illegible] distractions of the Court in a period of great [illegible] shake their ardour. The Princess of Monaco was at last [illegible] proper environment, and there was but one thorn in her [illegible] bush. Her first love, the Duc de Lauzun, was jealous of her [illegible] the point of murder, and Charlotte lived in daily fear [illegible] terrible crime being committed on her account. She was [illegible] ing de Lauzun out as he deserved. Frequently he upbraided [illegible] with her carryings-on, but she went her way, in spite of [illegible] lover's chagrin. But one day he triumphed over both [illegible] and courtesan. Knowing that the King was in his room [illegible] ing the Princess of Monaco, the Duc de Lauzun [illegible] and popped the key in his pocket. [illegible] escorted by Boutemps, the King's valet, she [illegible] storming and cursing her for the joke he thought [illegible] upon him, and, as it was not for some time [illegible] be released, his anger was extreme. So anno[illegible] incident that he ended his connection with Cha[illegible] and directly after the Prince of Monaco came [illegible] his wife back to the rock. Here the Prince [illegible] taunts and insults. He even papered the walls of [illegible] the men whom he alleged had been the paramour [illegible] and Charlotte records in her Memoirs that "[illegible] the Court are decorating the highways of M[illegible] to know the Princess no more. In the very [illegible] looks she was struck down by small-pox, and, [illegible] she never recovered to learn how transitory is [illegible] when disease triumphs over health.

Next Week:

QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA,—"THE [illegible] OF TEARS."

THE CANNIBAL MAID.

A Cannibal maid and her Hottentot
They met in a rocky defile.
A gay eagle plume was his only costume,
The lady was wrapt in a smile.
Together they strolled and his passion [illegible]
In pleading and tremulous tone,
While softly they trod on the blossom [illegible]
And spooned in the twilight alone.

Then sweetly she sighed as she shyly replied,
With tender and fairy-like mien:
She murmured the word, when a war-whoop was heard
A rival had burst on the scene.
A savage Zulu to the trysting-place drew,
Demanding his Cannibal bride;
But the Hottentot said, with a [illegible] of his head
"I'll have thy degenerate hide!"

The Hottentot flew at the savage Zulu,
The Zulu he went for the blade,
And fiercely they vied in their strength and their
And fought for the Cannibal maid.
She perched on a stone, with a shapely shin bone
Clasped tight in her tapering [illegible]
And watched the blood fly, with a [illegible]
While her warriors fought for her [illegible]

When fiercer they fought and the ringing
With thrust and with parry and punch,
She said with a smile, "In a very short while
I will have these two fellows for lunch."
The purple blood flows from the Hottentot's
The Zulu is struck by the blade,
Then each of them sighed—and [illegible]
And looked on the Cannibal maid.

She made a nice stew of the [illegible]
And scrambled the Hottentot's [illegible]
'Twas a dainty menu, when [illegible]
And she dined on her lovers [illegible]
The savage Zulu and the Hottentot
Both sleep in a cannibal [illegible]
The three were made one and [illegible]
The maiden strolled off in the [illegible]

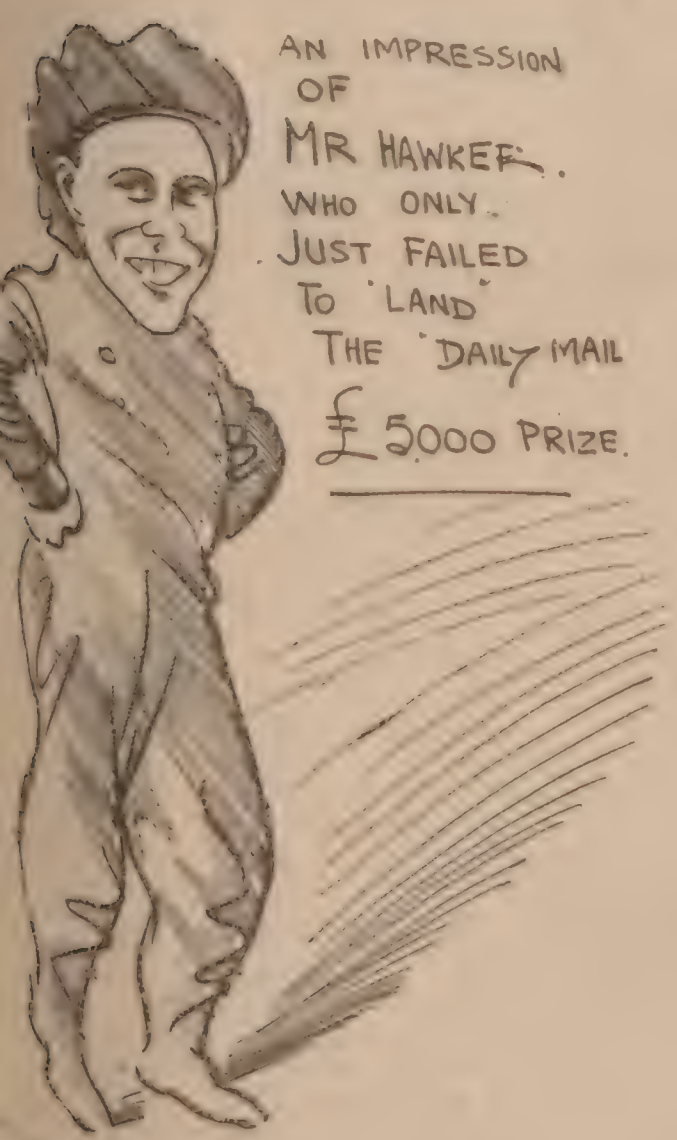
Marriage is a union that is responsible for a [illegible]

* * *

Happy is the wife who believes that her husband is all he knows.

DERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Just one of the two periods of the year when, in of sport, we are betwixt and between. We are almost for the cricket stove to cool down before lighting



football fire. For weeks the fuel has been ed and the usual feeling developed that a roaring will assert itself before many weeks have sped by. to be expected, there have been a large number of in the composition of teams. Some players whose are become as familiar as household words, have their love and sought new fields. Possibly the in the football world will be the appearance Arsenal in the Second League, no new posi- unnecs, true, for the Arsenal team were the nd League team to win promotion into the But more conspicuous still will Woolwich is as the whole lock, stock and barrel ght away from Manor Park Field, at ighbury, which is a foreign place to ... of Londoners. There are many ... more about Timbuctoo than they ighbury. There are three railway stations, our and two minutes' walk from the new ... Woolwich friends will be able to see ... the result of about three-quarters ... tram and train.

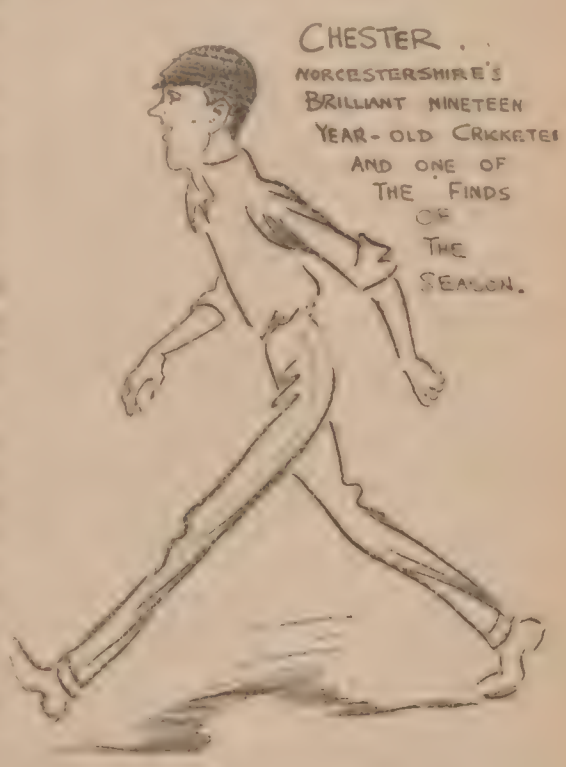
... finally settling the lease of the ... everything would have been in apple-pie ... s first match on the first Saturday in ... re is no doubt about the pitch being in When everything is ready and the builders ground, there will be accommodation for ... opened at Park Royal, were not ... that was six years ago.

London of Bobbie Templeton after being years will cause many a thrill. The very name brings to mind that terrible football Park in 1902. Templteon was playing ... it was said at teh time that it was some marvellous wing work of his, and the eagerness of the spectators on one of the stands to see the player, which started the swaying of the stand. Templeton is a Scot, and a pretty good-looking one. He has been very happy with Kilmarnock for the last half-dozen seasons, but his career has been marked for its roving character. He used to play for Woolwich Arsenal, and he has played for Aston Villa, and he was with the Birmingham team when he was given his first International cap in 1902. Newcastle United had Templeton for a time, and he has been a Celtic performer. It is to be hoped that while with Fulham Templeton will be consistent. He used to be remarkable for his in-and-out form.

Here is Chelsea with Logan this year, and before long the secret will be let out as to how much Falkirk put on his transfer. Jock Simpson used to belong to Falkirk, and his transfer to Blackburn Rovers cost just under £2,000. In the matter of transfer fees, the following "about" figures will give some idea of the worth of good men:—Simpson (Blackburn Rovers), £1,800; Chapman (Blackburn Rovers), £1,200; Boyle (Burnley), £1,150; Gildea (Birmingham), £1,150; McLean (Sheffield Wednesday), £1,000; Hofton (Manchester United), £1,000; Brown (Sunderland) £1,000. It is high time that some sort of qualification rule existed regarding players, as in cricket. Surely there is nothing in the fact of such and such a club, which may be composed exclusively of "foreigners," winning a championship. The mere fact of English football honours going to English players is some consolation, and the destination of the Cup last year gave good cause for satisfaction, because all the Aston Villa players were English players.

THE DYING CRICKET SEASON.

With six days to go before the County Championship season has terminated, during which time seven more matches will be played, the Champion County for the year has been discovered. Kent have once again risen to the occasion. When they met Northants at Dover the County of the White Horse had to gain one point out of a possible ten or else Yorkshire had to lose one for Kent to be champions for the fourth time in eight years. Kent scored a full win, and Yorkshire gained only one point against Hants. Kent have deserved their success. Hardinge, Humphreys, Seymour, and Woolley are a quartette of batsmen good enough to represent England, and as for bowlers, Blythe and Woolley can at time do all the damage necessary towards success. It has been a very fine season, but these left-handers have bowled remarkably well. Fielder, Fairservice, A. P. Day and (since the school holidays) D. W. Carr have helped. There are not many wicket-keepers much superior to Huish, either, so altogether Kent have a thumping good side, and what is more they have played cricket as though they had that side. They have interested spectators. They have attracted large gatherings wherever they have played, and they have played the game. By this time the effort of Hardinge during the last few days, when he scored four successive three-figure scores, has become stale, but there are not many cricketers who have done such a thing. In purely first-class cricket of eleven-a-side matches and in the same season only Fry and Hayward have done as well as Hardinge. Fry scored six hundreds in succession and Hayward scored his four all in one week. Then Noble made four such scores, but two were at the end of one season and the other two were at the beginning of the next. McLaren ran up four hundreds, but they included a match against Thirteen of New South Wales and Queensland combined.



It must have been an agreeable surprise to see young Frank Chester score his third hundred at Lord's against Middlesex. He is a youngster only eighteen years of age—at least he told the writer last year he was seventeen. He

played his first match for Worcestershire before he was qualified to take part in the County Championship, the South Africans being his first opponents. He is a tall slim boy and hails from Bushey. There it was that Alec. Hearne found him, as he has found several young players. Chester once took five wickets for 9 runs in Bushey, and in a good class match, too. Alec. Hearne promised Harry Foster that Chester would become a right-handed Woolley. His best performance this year with the ball was his 6 for 43 against Hants. Simpson-Hayward says that Chester would be a very fine bowler if he would not try to bowl so fast.

There has been quite an upset Lancashire way. A. H. Hornby has been expressing his opinion pretty openly, but the Lancashire Committee, who are severely handled by A.H.H.; complain that the complaints are misleading. No harm will come by the affair, however. A. H. Hornby is a thoroughly good sport and he is a plain blunt man who loves his friends, and his friends are the pros. who work so well for the county. We await developments.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1916.

From now onwards we shall be continually hearing of the 1916 Olympic games at Berlin. It is as well to have the goal of success in view. Every country with any disposition towards sport will be preparing. Competition—and the keener it is the better—will promote a closer union between the various countries of the world. Olympic trials will find young hopefuls, and as the subscriptions arrive for the National Sports gathering, so will the experts be the better enabled to discover promising talent. The great cycling championships of the world have just been decided at Berlin. Last year the championships were in America, and W. J. Bailey, who had won the 1,000 metres championship on the three previous occasions, did not go and compete. This year, however, he won the event and Ryan who, it will be remembered, just beat the South African Smith at Norwich, was second. Leon Meredith, who cannot be expected to go on for ever, was another British success, for he won the 100 kilometres championship for the sixth time. These victories come with no small degree of gratification, but as great pleasure is derived from the fact that the nineteen-year-old Manchester boy, T. M. Bancroft, created a splendid impression. Such riders as Bancroft we look to for the future of Britain's cycling supremacy.

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FOR COUPON AND CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE.

REMARKABLE SPRINTING.

... one-fifth from an existing record on the ... a big achievement and especially when the ... only fifty yards. That is what Applegarth has ...plished. W. A. Stewart, the Tasmanian who plays ...ball for the London Hospital and in Inter- ...r Scotland, created a British record for the ...1910 at 5 4-5th sec. Applegarth at the Olympic ... in 5 3-5th sec. We are so accustomed to see ... athlete beating the previous best, that we can ... what his very best will eventually be. The ... mpic trials did not seem to produce any ...

WOMEN AT SWIMMING.

...in women, is only in its infancy as far as ...re concerned, and no doubt there will be a ...e made during the next few years. Just as ... of a century ago the swimming of a hundred yards ... six seconds was thought to be marvellous, ...me has dropped to inside 56 secs., so is it with ...diss Daisy Curwen lowered the 100 ladies' race ...fifth of a second in 1 min. 13 3-5 sec. She is still ... Australian lady's record for the world, however, ...y Durack covered the 100 in 1 min 11 4-5 sec. ...mith, who failed last week in her attempt at ...wim, and who has now turned professional, is ...llent show at the Victoria Palace in a swim- ... sisters assisting. The act is attracting

SCENTED A RIVAL.

...or is an imaginary line, running around the ...he boy who likes to tell what he has learned

...e," repeated the great railway financier, ... Who is promoting it?"

* * *

...the amateur angler, "give me a rod and line, ...nything."

...n't you?" observed a lounger.

... my dear fellow," replied he, "I fish with

* * *

A PLEA.

..., please God, don't send twins. Let them

...RRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

...ll be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

...).—Thanks for the yarn. We are always glad to ...ing-room stories, but we cannot use them if too ... we have no intention of emulating the complexion of ...contemporaries.

...Yes, your sketch is humorous—but not in the way you ... criticism and encouragement. It would be im- ...ible.

...Jones Competition has been dropped, as you sur- ...ver ideas or bits of dialogue suitable for illustrations, ...us mostly yarns which would require a cinema film ...

... score, for of course, in the hand the two are ...(If you against Dummy, and not against one another, which ...at Forest Gate) only one scored the chicane.

... are not open for a controversy on the ... you. Evidently to you "the Englishman" ... new poor, unskilled and uneducated English- ...n alien is a low-class immigrant of non- ... the East End. Stated thus we are ... there are others.

... We take no notice of anonymous letters. ...read, N.B. ... at Wakefield?

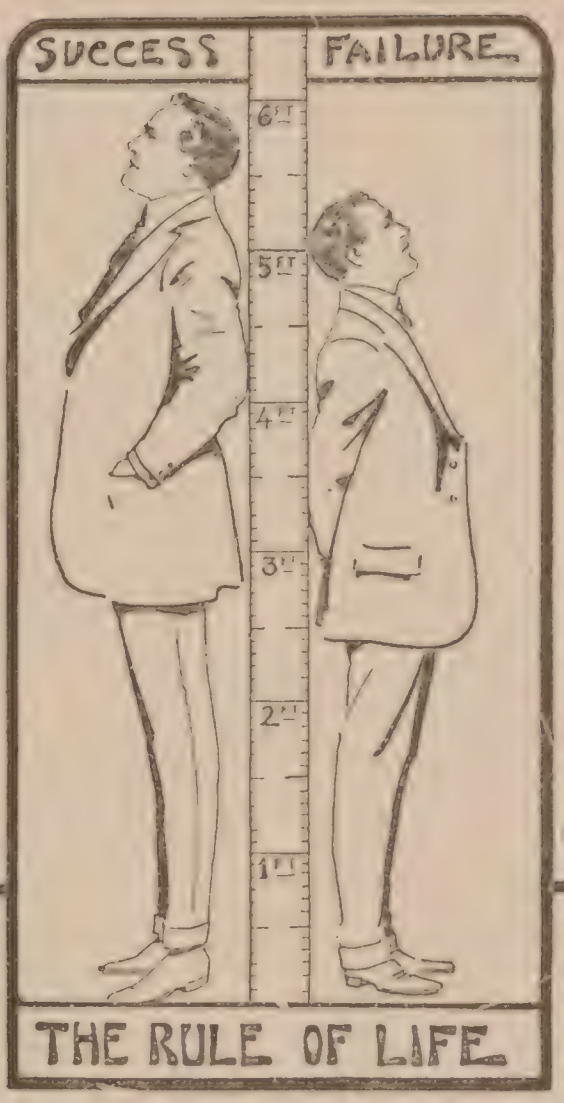
... readers, residing in Scotland, are ...ball Competitions because the powers- ... a touching solicitude for the innocence ... morals will be corrupted if they are ... If you will remove south of the Tweed you ...as you like.

...Your letter, which we have passed on to Captain ...

St.).—You are quite right. It was Mr. Jack (or Isaac—donyms) Joel, and not Solly of that ilk, who bought ...ily didn't even score a duke, notwithstanding his fond ...

...Main).—Sorry we don't know anything about photo- ... You would, however, be quite safe in ... use it to take snapshots of pretty girl- ... lovers all on shore. Why not buy a ... Happy Moments gag?

... Confederate States 5-dollar bill has no ... in which case it is worth just as much ... bills were issued as payment for soldiers ... never been legal currency, seeing that ... had no legal existence as a Government.



It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

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Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

I have not hitherto made it a practice to quote high-class securities in my notes, but as I have been asked recently for such investments I have decided to introduce, each week, three or four gilt-edged investments at the foot of my notes.

* * *

They will always be securities of the highest class, and well known, unless stated otherwise, and the recommendation of these will be founded on the high yield they give compared to the securities of the British Government, which are out of favour at the present time.

* * *

Inactivity still prevails on the Stock Exchange, but now that the holidays are coming to a close we are likely to see more lively times.

* * *

The people have been hoarding money for a long time, and as a lot of this is most likely to come to market in the next two or three months we are bound to have an all-round recovery.

* * *

The most promising markets are Oils and Home Rails. Rubbers are uncertain, and mines are likely to be neglected.

* * *

Already prices have risen appreciably in oil shares, and as there is so much buying up going on by Shells and the Standard Oil it is difficult to select a list.

* * *

Shells are bound to go much better and Mexican Eagle are in favour. Spies Petroleum and North Caucasian are also good.

* * *

Lobitos shares have been steadily rising for some little time past in connection with the rumour that the Standard Oil are negotiating for the purchase of the Company, and for a similar reason Kern Rivers have gone ahead on the talk of being taken over by the Shell Company.

* * *

Generally speaking prices have been dull in the Home Railway Market, with Great Eastern Ordinary very flat.

* * *

Great Central shows a traffic increase of £9,600 for the past week, but no improvement was shown in the price of the stock.

* * *

South Eastern Deferred have been most actively sought after, and there is no doubt this stock will go much better in the next month or two.

* * *

Mexican trouble has put an end for the time being to the bullish movement in Americans. The prices hold well which is a good sign.

* * *

Union Pacifics are now quoted at $157 and Eries $29½.

* * *

I do not advise dealings just now in Mexican securities, and there is very little to go for, from a speculative point of view, at the present time in Grand Trunk Third Prefs.

* * *

There is very little business doing among mines, but we may shortly see a revival in the Rhodesian section, in which Chartereds will lead.

* * *

The rise in Chartereds from 17s. to 22s. was an excellent advertisement for this market, but it may have been lost sight of, or forgotten, as the public are away on their holidays.

* * *

With the labour trouble settled and the mines working at their normal again we are likely to see a sharp recovery in the price of Simmer Deep, and with any revival Sheba Gold are bound to be a prominent feature.

* * *

With the price of Tin on the up-grade and the better times now ahead for working we are likely to see more doing among the Nigerian descriptions, with Rayfields, the best in this market, leading the way.

* * *

There has been little doing among Industrials, but I still hold to the opinion that National Steam Cars are certainly worth securing at the present quotation.

* * *

Among Publishing Companies Amalgamated Press have risen to £7, and there has been a good deal of enquiry for "Bowerman's Press" 1s. shares, owing to the continued improvement in this company's publications.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

My selections for this week are:—

Indian Government 3½ per cent. Stock at 99, £3 18s. per cent.

London County Council 3 per cent. Stock at 79, £3 18s. per cent.

Irish 2¾ per cent. Guaranteed Stock at 73½, yields £3 1[illegible] per cent.

London Electric Railway 4 per cent. Debenture Stock at 92½, yields £4 7s. per cent.

All of these are most excellent investments, and the [illegible] three are full trustee securities.

ORTHOS.

BRIEF REPLIES.

F. E. (Hammersmith).—It is perfectly clear that you have been [illegible] out of your money; but what else can you expect when you deal with bucket shops? I will do my best to help you get your money back.

James (Whitstable).—I think National Steam Cars [illegible] Bowerman's Press 1s. shares are a good [illegible] shares are the best and cheapest I know of [illegible]

X. Y. Z.—Do not worry. The [illegible] will see a great improvement in prices [illegible]

S. R. (Liverpool).—I would not advise you to buy [illegible] now. You can do much better in the Oil Market.

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"Will, the Creator," a new method of scientific [illegible] strengthening mental virility and developing memory, personality. Send 1s. [illegible] House, Harrogate.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

The St. Leger is due to be brought off on Wednesday, September 10th, and a few notes on some of the probable starters should be of interest to my readers. With Shogun scratched and Day Comet and Hippeastrum very doubtful runners as at present arranged we look like seeing most of the competitors the field will probably fall short of a dozen, starting under the starter's orders: Aghdoe, Arda, Bachelor's Wedding, Harry of Hereford or Young Pegasus, Louvois, Lundy, Night Hawk, Pilliwinkie, Roseworthy, Rosmond and Willy-Nilly. Of course Louvois is a firm favourite, now that he has resumed strong work, in which he is giving every satisfaction. He has been well trained and looks very fit. For those who like to have an interest in the race I shall advise the support of

AGHDOE,

which is a good way.

For the benefit of those who are in doubt as to whether Bachelor's Wedding is qualified for the St. Leger, the colt was nominated by Mr. A. Lowry, and not by the late Mr. Joseph Lowry. He runs in the race in the name and colours of Sir Wm. Nelson.

Racing takes place this week at Lewes on Monday; Derby on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; Manchester and Hamilton finishing off the week. The two principal races are the Peveril of the Peak Plate on Thursday and the Prince Edward Handicap on Saturday. Lewes has the honour of opening the Nursery season.

Last season Spanish Prince won the Peveril of the Peak carrying 8st. 11lb. and has now been allotted 7lb. The "Prince" has shown good form this season, at the Epsom Summer meeting only failed by a head to concede Diadumenos 44lb. after a slow beginning. In addition to the top-weight Mr. J. Joel can be represented by Polar Star, who has been successful in two of his last three and appears to have returned to his best juvenile form. Whichever Morton saddles should want a deal of beating. Following the Greenwood Welter at Kempton from Apprentice with Lord Annandale fourth. The last mentioned is allowed 3lb. for the beating, and this does not seem enough to reverse that running, and I shall expect Cigar, who is now at his best, to again finish ahead of Mr. W. Raphael's colt. Of J. Cannon's pair, Mercutio and Sir Martin, the former looks like being wanted for a back-end handicap, and Sir Martin has yet to show of his best. Consequently I shall look elsewhere for the probable winner. Another animal that I am compelled to pass by is Short Grass, who recently got cast in his box. In Flippant, another Epsom-trained candidate, we have a useful three-year-old and he will prefer the mile here to the mile and five furlongs at Ascot where he was beaten by the St. Leger favourite, Louvois. It will be remembered that Mr. Hulton's son of Marcovil-Flitters upset the odds laid on Craganour over a mile at Liverpool in April. Kleinfontein and Bellefontaine competed at York and can best be judged on their performances there. Curvet is a most consistent animal, who at the second July fixture at headquarters, receiving 10lb., ran Cigar to a couple of lengths, with High Rock three-quarters of a length behind. Here Sir J. Kelk's colt can meet Cigar on 7lb. more favourable terms and High Rock at exactly the same weights. I look upon Curvet as nicely weighted now. Sobieski has been placed third on his last two outings, and is sure to find something too good for him again. In Dunholm Lord Durham owns a useful colt, and as he is an ideal animal to ride, no doubt need be entertained with regard to a light-weight getting him to do his best. In taking one against the field I shall declare for

CURVET.

A year back Balscadden cantered away with the Prince Edward Handicap under 7st. 4lb. He has gone up considerably in the handicap since, and now figures as top-weight with 9st. to shoulder. Unlike most of Mr. C. Bower Ismay's horses, this grand stayer is trained by Frank Hartigan at Weyhill, and although the gallops at that quarter are in need of rain, his trainer has given him a thorough preparation. Over the Manchester two-mile course in May Balscadden ran Grave Greek (receiving 33lb.) to a length and a half with Himan, in receipt of 15lb., a poor third. Mr. Ismay's colt is now set to concede Grave Greek a stone, and this I shall expect him to do and also to hold Himan harmless. Verney is not giving satisfaction in his work, and will probably do better later. Fantasio was fairly well supported for the Ascot Stakes, but could only finish eighth. King Midas has disappointed in his last two races. He started favourite for the Northumberland Plate and finished fourth to The Tylt, Wilfrid and Grave Greek (received 7lb.), with The Guller, receiving 7lb. sixth. Mr. D. M. Gant's candidate meets the last named pair on

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F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.
B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.
W. H. Cowdery, Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
C. Colchin, Junr., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent.
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slightly better terms here and I shall look to him to be in the thick of the fighting line at the finish. Cylba is regarded as the winner of a good handicap before the season terminates and maybe this will be his journey as he missed the Ebor Handicap with a view to a later engagement. If Mr. Nelke's animal can only reproduce his Chester Vase form, when he beat some smart animals in Knight's Key, Aleppo, Junior, Nassau and Ben Wyvis, all of whom were in receipt of weight, the race would look good for him. Aye Aye, At Last and Badman ran for the Ebor Handicap and can be judged on their running then. The Guller is a capital stayer and FitzRichard is reported to possess plenty of stamina, but for the likely winner I shall select

BALSCADDEN.

My other selections are:

LEWES—Monday.

Selling Nursery: Far-na-Mana.
Sussex Handicap: Whimsey
Lewes Nursery: Tollendal.

DERBY—Tuesday.

Friary Nursery: Peter the Hermit.
Byrkley Plate: Polycrates.

Wednesday.

Portland Plate: Hallaton.
Harrington Plate: Sunny Land.

Thursday.

Elvaston Nursery: Success.
Rangemore Plate: Off.

MANCHESTER—Friday.

Cromwell Handicap: Dormant.
Manchester Breeders' Foal Plate: Longtown.

Saturday.

Michaelmas Plate: Siller.
St. Denis Plate: Blue Stone.

FOLKESTONE—Friday.

Moderate Plate: Sweetest Melody.
Cliff Plate: Queen Ena.

Saturday.

Hythe Welter: Orange Marmalade.
Romsey Handicap: Sir Oracle.

ONE X ALL

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107 Racing Days

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HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Wimbledon reader sends me a light brown pattern of I presume is a Harris homespun—it is only a scrap, quite enough of it to trace pedigree by.

* * *

is having an ulster made from this, and asks for sug- as to style, saying he wants it to look something the ordinary, and does not want a belt.

* * *

is quite right to avoid the belt; it never had any use, en often than not was not ornamental, and the fashion dead—dead of uselessness and over-use, because, for two years, it seems to have been thrust on to every coat made in Christendom and out of it.

* * *

my correspondent is a man of good square build, I that he should have the coat built with the Raglan

* * *

Raglan sleeve in coming in again. It is always a com- slip-on style, but it is apt to look sloppy unless the is a well-built square shouldered man.

* * *

homespun will look well made with broadish lapped There should be a back seam and deepish vent, oles and buttons.

* * *

fault tailors frequently make in back vents is not sufficient overlap, and then the coat gapes with the ment of the legs in walking. The over-lap, in the under discussion, should be about one and a half

* * *

cuffs can be finished in several ways. Gauntlet or a strap with hole and two buttons, so that, in weather, the sleeve can be tightened round the wrists; a lapped seam about four inches from sleeve end.

* * *

pockets should be made patched, with or without If with flaps, these should be made of correct breadth, the flap can be turned down into the pockets and lie neat and flat.

* * *

difference can be made in the appearance of the by having these patch pockets very roomy.

* * *

ompy patch pocket looks awful, the ordinary size looks and an inch added to depth and two inches added gives good style to the whole coat.

* * *

to as to buttons. My correspondent's cloth is in a brown, good weight homespun. Let him choose in a large size of buffalo horn, or, better still, of

* * *

ors will often show their customer leather buttons are smooth and shiny, but there are buttons made of of plain unvarnished leather, pleated, and these are ective, out-of-the-common and stand-all-weather-and- buttons to insist upon having, even if it gives the tailor trouble to get them.

* * *

collar should be made deep, so that when turned up ars are protected, but not so very deep that the hat be worn comfortably.

* * *

lappels can be so cut that the double-breasted coat buttoned across the throat, without turning up the producing the Prussian collar, or coachman's box fect.

* * *

will be found a very useful protection in the coming weather.

* * *

lly, my Wimbledon friend must remember that in ely woven homespun, such as the pattern he sends me, is not much protection from keen searching wind.

* * *

must therefore consider the question of lining, and if to be exposed to wind, say, motoring, this coat should ed either wholly or, as a medium course, down to the

* * *

re is no necessity for this lining either to be thick or Quite a thin and light weight, but closely woven, will act as a wind shield behind the comparative of the outside cloth.

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A fine, tall, well-developed man invariably gets on in the world because he impresses his personality on all with whom he comes in contact. The short, insignificant-looking man, on the other hand, generally passes unnoticed, or else is dismissed with the casual title of **"Little-So-and-So."**

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On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Sept. 6th, and for first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given the coupon we will award £2 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, September 6th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 1 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, Sept. 5th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £2 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £2 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 1

Matches to be played on Saturday, September 6th. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN	v. LIVERPOOL.
BOLTON	v. OLDHAM.
BRADFORD CITY	v. ASTON VILLA.
CHELSEA.	v. TOTTENHAM.
DERBY COUNTY	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
EVERTON	v. PRESTON NORTH END.
SUNDERLAND	v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
BIRMINGHAM	v. BRADFORD.
BRISTOL	v. STOCKPORT.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v. FULHAM.
GRIMSBY	v. NOTTS COUNTY.
HUDDERSFIELD	v. BURY.
LEEDS CITY	v. GLOSSOP.
LINCOLN CITY	v. BARNSLEY.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. PORTSMOUTH.
GILLINGHAM	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
NORWICH	v. NORTHAMPTON.
PLYMOUTH	v. CARDIFF.
READING	v. MILLWALL.
WEST HAM	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

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